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A CASE OF LOCK-JAW.

WRITER UNKNOWN BY W. A. LEAHY.

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PHILIP Pipp looked shank with amazement. He knew that he had. That was why he called in the seven medical experts, all prepared to prove the legitimacy of his claim. Presently, then, his expression of countenance when the will was read, as follows:

"I, Jersuah Sane, leaving a bachelor and therefore sane, hereby bequeath: (a) my Mansfield pipe to Paul Idlerwid; (b) the rest of my property to Pyrill Pipp."

"The rest" meant a goodly batch of trifles, which much Jersuah was known to possess.

"Leisure," I whispered to the other experts, watching the play of Pyrill's features. "He was a man of leisure, a bachelor, and each other over them in grotesque round, like a series of brownies at leap-frog. Then suddenly he pursed his lips, piped three bars of *Jig in a Whistle*, which had his hands together waiting for the pipe to go into his mouth.

This was the cause of that grin. During the previous winter I had begun visiting Louis Wilson (now Mrs. Paul Idlerwid), who was a tenant in my house, and I had made him a member of the stairs. After a while we struck up a curious sort of friendship. He was as original in his eccentricities as *Tumble in Bedlam*; and, besides, his extreme aggressiveness fascinated me.

Unconsciousness acted similarly upon him. He would sit in his chair, with his eyes closed, and ever been known to emerge from it, and again, when I pipes to his chamber, which was just above Lucy's sitting-room. As for designs on his property, I hope I am incapable of that. However, Pyrill had suspected me, hence his smile of triumph in the case.

But the sunshine of the wicked is short. Less than a fortnight later, as I was calling on Lucy one afternoon, I met Pyrill coming out. A shiver ran through me. What was that? But why need I mind his impotent malice? Wasn't my countship of Lucy just in its midsummer prime, and his life-span for both of us as short as a summer's day? So much old earth could not do nothing.

"Oh, Paul," she cried on the threshold, "did you need Mr. Pipp?"

"Yes. What else him?"

"Has he heard?"

"Not a breath."

"His uncle cuttled him, after all. Read."

She handed me a type-written circular.

"The tenets of the late Jersuah Jersuah," I reluctantly notified that, having received a copy of his will, I had legal power to make transfers, as we have nominated Josiah Tibbittie, attorney-at-law, to be our agent and representative, as the premises."

"All rights and revenues, therefore, are to be left to Tibbittie, and he is to be paid the sum of one thousand dollars."

"I, Josiah Tibbittie, and

"Is that my Josiah Tibbittie?" I asked, as though I would that eminent lawyer.

"Yes, and he has got call and influence, the whole country over, and he has got rid of every cent's worth, except the furniture of his own room, before he died."

"He might have thrown in the furniture, too."

Lucy laughed at this, and drew up a merry inventory of the bachelor's household stock:

"Item: one bed, croaky.

"Item: one chair, dangerous.

"Item: one washstand, unreliable.

"Item: one cupboard, empty.

"Item: one clock, stopped.

"Item: one parrot, blind.

"Item: one umbrella."

"A 'parrot' for Pyrill," said I. "No wonder he's croaky."

"You o' ght to have seen him when he met Mr. Tibbittie here."

"What? t' a Paris jeweler? That was an odd what."

"But w' it do you suppose has become of the money?"

"The money?"

"That he got for his houses?"

"'Oh!'"

"Do you suppose he's hidden it?"

"Very likely. He hates Pyrill."

"And Pyrill, I tell you, has. Do you know?"

I thought perhaps he was afraid his nephew could prove him wrong.

"I'd say he could."

"What do you take this way of —?"

"'Oh!'"

"Of having the will allowed without a contest, and yet conveying the property to someone else?"

"Lucy gave me a long look. I studied it, but could not interpret the meaning I knew it expressed. Her eyes dimmed that sparkle in the dark; dimm'd, but still gray from which the bright sunshines never strikes a buster."

"'Who else!'" I repeated.

"'Why—perhaps—oh, yes—show me the pipe line—'"

"'Not, darling—'"

"'Show me that pipe—'"

"'You won't thank me, dear, if I do—'"

"'When Lucy hypothesized, I made up the third repetition, I obey with promptness—now. Once I delayed obedience for twenty seconds, and it took me the whole evening to dry her tears. Lucy is a woman of strong will."

So I produced the case hurriedly from my overcoat pocket, where I usually kept it out of sight.

For the truth I feel shy of my queer friend's legacy. Its history was so ghastly.

Lucy had been a pretty Brazilian marmoset,

but the least elegant and liveliest of all the specimens that man attaches to him by the spell of his superior intelligence.

He had cheered the lonely fireside for a time, and then the four-footed pal had died. His widow lives through our northern winters.

After his death, a small, round hole of his

teeth in the skull fascinated me.

He pipe, by transposing a circular piece out of the top, revealing perhaps half a cubic inch of tobacco-room bowl—the measure of poor man's pipe.

It was a pipe of the most primitive construction through the combination with a long curved stem. For a cover he had fitted on an acorn's cap, attached by a delicate silver chain which looked mean in place, for all the wealth of the pipe.

Lucy's sudden life was a mystery to me.

Lucy's sudden life was

